32: Gilles

NO6 Comanche NO6

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[For information on a general store owned by Whites in Comanche territory, see Categories 439 or 443.]

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for at least five years. His brother must have put his brand on many horses. One thing I must not forget. We had figured my horse's age, by his teeth, as possibly eight or nine years old—though after seven their teeth are not too accurate a gauge.

Some five or six miles east of the town of Cache, Blue Beaver Creek liberates itself from the mountains and, flowing south, crosses the boundary between the Wild Life Refuge and the homestead-allotment area. Just there is located the Deyo Mission.

It took its name from its founder, the Reverend E. C. Deyo, a minister affiliated with the Northern Baptist Convention. A number of my old friends were charter members of the Native Baptist Church he organized there. The Reverend Deyo was a smallish man, about five feet six or seven inches tall. He wore an auburn Prince Albert beard that was always carefully trimmed. Rich colored, it was without a single gray hair.

He was one of the two missionaries I knew who learned the Comanche tongue and could converse and preach to the Comanches in their own language. He was in our store a number of times, directly after the country opened, when there would be an Indian gathering in our vicinity.

I never learned what, if any, religious influence Wer-que-yah may have experienced before the advent of Preacher Deyo, but it was quite evident that the little missionary and his church were influencing his later life.

A big event for me was making my first Grass Money payment on my own initiative, in the absence of my parents. I rode directly to the town of Cache before going to the reservation. I collected from an Indian or two I found in town, and learned from them where some of our other customers were camped.

There must have been two hundred or more Indian families in individual camps, scattered over possibly three hundred acres. The entrance to the camp-out was on the north, and a short way inside the gate sat the Red Store, the place of business of the licensed trader. He was a merchant licensed by the Indian Department. He operated on Indian ground and was permitted to do a credit business with the Indians, and he sat at the Army quartermaster's table when the payments were made. If the Indian being paid owed an account, the trader got his money first.

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many of the Indians from gambling when they had money. But as long as blackjack and three-card monte were dealt by Indians, the money remained in the tribe.

The camp-out on the reservation was dear to the older Indians' hearts. It was a reminder of the wild tribal days after the late summer buffalo hunt—the feasting, visiting, storytelling, gambling, and horse racing. There was no buffalo meat; but they had learned to eat beef, and there was plenty of money to buy it. Likewise, they could indulge in other goodies they had acquired a taste for—and the whiskey peddler came with the darkness each evening.

Mostly the visitors came from faraway tribes—people who didn't have Grass Money payments. They seemed to be old fellows, warrior age. Here, there, and yonder, you would see two old fellows squatted or sitting with their backs against blackjack trees, facing each other and visiting in the sign language. You were sure they were reriding the old war trails.

There was another string to the licensed trader's fiddle. Once an Indian failed to pay his bill to an independent trader, his credit with that merchant was gone. When out of money, he had to trade with the licensed trader. These traders' prices ran a great deal higher, and most Indians wanted to keep out of their clutches.

I got over my scare once the store's money was safe in the bank, and I rode back to the reservation. My memory is that I had seen about all of the Indians owing large accounts, and I had only the odds and ends to clean up. I never saw the marshal again that afternoon. I rode in home, eighteen miles, that night, starting after dark. Perhaps I should add that most adults with sense, large merchants from Lawton and surrounding towns, and the moneylenders set up camp in the section line outside the reservation gate. There they could catch the Indians going and coming.

Some readers may read a different meaning into the word *reservation* than I have in mind in this story. I use it here in the sense of land held back, reserved from allotment and homesteading, when the area was opened for settlement in 1901. There were three of these tracts, containing two or three sections each. One was at Fort Sill, one at Anadarko, and one just southwest of Cache. There was a licensed trading store on each tract, and the land was the property of the Indians. Reservation was the name in general use for these areas. The